



THE TENTH DOCTOR ADVENTURES
1.2 TIME REAVER
BY JENNY T COLGAN

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

THE DOCTOR: DAVID TENNANT

Time Traveller

DONNA NOBLE: CATHERINE TATE

Companion

SOREN:

(M) Trader and past acquaintance of the DOCTOR

CORA:

(F) Young female Vacintian. Naïve and earnest thief.

RONE/FLORIAN:

(M) Customs Officer of the planet Calibris. Vacintian. Father of CORA/Dubious guide (Scene 1 only)

GULLY/MANE:

(M) Head gangster of Calibris. Betentacled./Customs guard

DORN/BUSKER/RECEPTIONIST:

GULLY's Henchman/Alien busker/Vacintian Receptionist

OTHER VOICES:

Commuters, Barely Coherent victims of the Time Reaver
Rough Talking Patrons of Vagabond's Reach/ GULLY's cronies
Customs guards
Robotic announcers
Ticket Collector

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1. INT. UNDER CALIBRIS. TUNNELS.

FX: ECHOING TUNNEL. FOOTSTEPS RUNNING, BACKGROUND STATION NOISE, RUSHING COMMUTERS, INDISTINCT ANNOUNCEMENTS, OFF.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

(FAR OFF, INDISTINCT "Ready for departure" "All services to Orion Belt subject to delay" "Transits Alpha-Nine and Delta-Six are cancelled")

CORA

Excuse me? Excuse me? Do you know where this tunnel goes?

MAN

(RUSHING) Sorry, don't live here.

CORA

Okay, thanks anyway!

FX: FOOTSTEPS, COLLISION.

CORA

Oof. Excuse me, do you how to get to-?

WOMAN

(INTERRUPTING, ACCENTED) Sorry, I'm just in transit my dear... it's so confusing isn't it?

CORA

Yes, yes, I know, everyone's so... oh! (BUMPS INTO CREATURE)

CREATURE

(GROWLS)

CORA

Sorry, I didn't see your tail there. (CALLING) I'm looking for Vagabond's Reach! Can anyone help me?

FLORIAN

(OFF) 'Ere, miss. Vagabond's Reach you say? Down 'ere.

CORA

(GOING OVER) You can help?

FLORIAN

For a small fee, I can help find anything.

CORA

An entire planet as a transportation hub! It's just... it's a bit overwhelming.

FLORIAN

Right enough. Down 'ere.

FX: FOOTSTEPS. PERIPHERAL NOISE FADES AWAY. NOW ALL IS QUIET EXCEPT FOR DRIPPING TUNNELS AND CORA AND FLORIAN'S FOOTSTEPS. SLITHERING, OFF.

CORA

(TENTATIVE) Um. Are you sure this is-

FLORIAN

Shh! (BEAT)

FX: GULLY SLITHERS CLOSER.

FLORIAN

Oh no.

CORA

(TERRIFIED) What is that?

GULLY

Muscling in on my business, Florian?

FX: FLORIAN MAKES TO RUN.

GUIDE

Gully! I didn't- (CHOKED, GRABBED BY TENTACLES)

GULLY

I don't think you were going to share the takings, were you?

FX: TENTACLES SQUEEZE.

FLORIAN

(CHOKING) Get your suckers off me, you 'orrible octopus!

CORA

I think you're hurting him!

GULLY

Only way to treat a thief. Lowest of the low. Leading you down here to rob you blind. Weren't you, Florian?

FLORIAN

(CHOKING)

GULLY

Are you lost?

CORA

(GABBLING) It's so confusing, this place. Everyone's rushing: changing planes and rockets! The entire universe passing through...

FLORIAN

(CHOKING) Lemme go!

GULLY

When I'm ready! Now then. It's not confusing to me: I live here. Are you... lost property?

CORA

(BACKING AWAY) No, I mean. He was helping me find – um.

GULLY

Then don't be rude. Come closer and be friendly.

FX: SUCKERS POPPING. FLORIAN STRUGGLING.

FLORIAN

(GASPING)

GULLY

My name is Gully. I 'look after' lost things. Nice to meet you.

FX: SLITHERING. CORA BACKS AWAY.

CORA

Oh. I'm Cora. I don't know what to shake.

GULLY

Touch my suckers. Stick with me.

CORA

(BACKING AWAY) Oh my- Actually I... I won't.

GULLY

What've you got there, hidden under your coat?

FX: SUCKERS UNPOPPING. FLORIAN STRUGGLES MORE.

GULLY

Stop wriggling, Florian!

CORA

I'm just going to- (BACKING AWAY FASTER) I'm sure it's just up here.

GULLY

But I'll look after you. Come back, Lost Thing...

FX: CORA RUNS. METAL CLATTER OF DROPPED TIME REAVER, SHE SLOWS.

CORA

(OFF) Oh! Oh no!

FX: CORA RUNS ON. GULLY SLITHERS AFTER, STICKY SUCKERING AS HE RETRIEVES GUN.

GULLY

Ooh. Something dropped. Something lost. And everything lost on Calibris belongs to me.

FX: TENTACLES DROP FLORIAN ROUGHLY TO FLOOR.

FLORIAN

(GASPING FOR AIR) Thanks... Gully. Knew you'd see sense... let me go.

FX: TIME REAVER BARREL PULLED BACK.

GULLY

Let you go? Why would I do that? No, I want to see if this little beauty really is what I think it is.

FX: TIME REAVER FIRES WITH DISTINCTIVE RATTLE.

FLORIAN

No! Please... (SLOWED FX) Noo!

GULLY

Time Reaver... Oh, I love how slowly they scream..

FLORIAN

(SCREAMS, WITH SLOWED FX)

CRASH IN OPENING THEME

2. INT TARDIS

FX: VWORP-THUMP. VWORP-WHOMP. SOMETHING IS CLEARLY VERY WRONG WITH THE TARDIS.

DOCTOR
(WRESTLING CONTROLS) Donna!

FX: VWORP-THUMP.

DOCTOR
Donna! Will you hurry up?

DONNA
(OFF, ENTERING) Why, right, why is everything in the Wardrobe for a 'wench'?

DOCTOR
What? (BEAT, SEES DONNA) Oh.

DONNA
See what I mean?

DOCTOR
That is very... Yes. I suppose you would say... wench-y. Wench-ish?

VWORP-THUMP. TARDIS LURCHING CONTINUES UNDER.

DOCTOR
(GRABBING CONTROLS) Hold down the flux compensator! Big blue button!

DONNA
(HITS CONTROLS) Got it. (GASPS) I can't breathe! The clothes in there are all doll-sized!

DOCTOR
Are you trying to look wench-y?

DONNA
Don't have much choice, spilt my tea when we started lurching. What do you think?

DOCTOR
I told you, we're not going to that Planet of the Boys. There is no Planet of the Boys.

DONNA
There's a million trillion planets out there. Somewhere there is a Planet of the Boys. Just dancing about, in their pants. Stands to reason.

DOCTOR

Yes, well, I'm not sure they worship wenches.

DONNA

They will when they see me in this.

DOCTOR

Anyway, doesn't matter. The TARDIS needs parts.

FX: MASSIVE GRINDING NOISE.

DOCTOR

(YELLING) Gravity dampers! Green handle!

FX: DONNA PULLS HANDLE. GRINDING STOPS.

DOCTOR

Hear that? We need a new Fluid Link. I can't fix it. We've got to take her to a garage.

DONNA

A garage? Boring!

FX: DOCTOR FLICKS SWITCHES. TARDIS ENGINES START.

DOCTOR

Why, what do you do when your car breaks down?

DONNA

Well I... mostly stand on the pavement. Looking sad, yet optimistic? (BEAT) Should I get changed?

DOCTOR

(SHOUTING OVER NOISE) No time! Keep holding that button. Wench up and wrench up, Donna: it's not just any old garage.

FX: TARDIS GRINDING CLUNKING, DEMATERIALISATION VWORP THEN SUDDEN PLUNGING DROP.

DOCTOR

It's Calibris!

3. INT. TUNNELS.

FX: ECHOING TUNNEL. PIPES DRIPPING. CORA RUNS UP AND STOPS.

CORA

Finally: a door.

FX: SHE KNOCKS. NO REPLY. SOUNDS OF MERRIMENT WITHIN.

CORA

Hello?

FX: CORA PUSHES HEAVY DOOR. IT CREAKS OPEN. CORA STEPS INTO:

4. INT. VAGABOND'S REACH (CONTINUOUS)

FX: LARGE WARM TAVERN NOISE. CUSTOMERS DRINKING, LAUGHING ETC.
THIS STOPS ABRUPTLY. CORA STEPS INSIDE.

CORA

(GABBLING) You have to help me! I got lost in the tunnels and this octopus thing came after me! Help me! Please!

DORN

(BEAT) What you doing coming in the back way? Why were you down in the tunnels?

CORA

I... got lost.

DORN

Did you now?

CUSTOMERS

(LAUGH MIRTHLESSLY)

CORA

There's a monster out there! It's hideous! We should close the door!

FX: SQUELCHING AS GULLY SQUEEZES IN.

GULLY

Oh, I think I can manage that myself.

FX: DOOR CLANGING SHUT.

CORA

Oh no! Stay back.

CUSTOMERS

(MURMURING 'Hey Gully,' 'Hey boss.')

GULLY

Tie up the Lost Thing. It dropped something in the tunnels. Something very interesting.

FX: CRONIES SURROUND CORA.

CORA

(GRABBED) No. Please. No!

5. EXT. CALIBRIS.

FX: MASSIVE INDUSTRIAL NOISE. SPACESHIPS SCREAMING THROUGH THE AIR. UNLOADING. LANDING. SHOUTING. MUSIC WAILING.

ROBOT VOICES

(ANNOUNCEMENTS COMING FROM DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS, OVERLAPPING, CONFUSING) "Dock! Dock! Dock!" "Ready for departure" "Stand clear" "Platforms Nine through Five thousand fourteen, boarding now!"

FX: HUGE ROARING SPACESHIP NOISE, LOW AND CLOSE, A REAL BASS-TREMBLER PASSES, JUDDERS TO A HALT AND LETS OFF MASSIVE STEAM-RELEASING VALVES.

DONNA

(SHOUTING) What is this place?

FX: THREE SMALL SPACESHIPS TAKE OFF, SHARP PYOO-PYOO NOISES.

DIFFERENT ROBOT VOICE

All lifeforms aboard! All lifeforms aboard!

FX: INCREDIBLY FAST RACKETY TRAIN NOISE. VOICES OVERLAPPING.

ROBOT VOICE

The Wormhole Express is now ready for departure.

MAN

Cooda fuel! Fresh in today! Cooda!

FX: TRAIN WHISTLE.

DONNA

(SHOUTING) I can't hear myself think!

DOCTOR

(SHOUTING) Here! Take these!

FX: PILL-BOX RATTLING.

DONNA

(MOUTH FULL, SHOUTING) Yuk! They're disgusting!

DOCTOR

(SHOUTING) You put them in your ears. Your ears!

FX: B/G NOISE SUDDENLY REDUCES. ALL SPEAK AT NORMAL VOLUME.

DONNA

Oh that's better.

DOCTOR

Psychic ear plugs. You only hear what you're focusing on. You hear what you want to hear.

FX: FAINT BANGING NOISES.

DONNA

Right. Got anything for noses? This planet smells of diesel.

DOCTOR

Calibris! Brilliant place! An entirely mechanical planet. Catch, hitch, fuel, fix, buy, pretty much any kind of transportation in existence. Rocket trains shoot right through the middle of it. Wormholes transport you instantaneously, if you can afford it.

A mate of mine got pressganged here onto a sun-shot galleon. Full of scoundrels, Calibris. Come to think of it, I should probably look him up.

DONNA

So, basically it's a planet-sized King's Cross.

DOCTOR

If you like. Look at those old dark matter tenders. Beautiful. (CALLING) I wouldn't walk there!

DONNA

But it's a nice bit of green in the middle of all this- (BREAKS OFF) What's that big hole?

FX: SWIRLY GLUGGING OF WORMHOLE.

DOCTOR

Wormhole Express, I told you! Get back!

DONNA

How does that work?

DOCTOR

Don't ask. Also, don't eat before you take it.

FX: FAINT SOUND OF MASSIVE ROCKET LANDING.

DOCTOR

Ooh, dodgy stabilisers.

DONNA

Do you secretly just like this place because it makes you think the TARDIS is the most brilliant of all the ships?

DOCTOR

(BEING MODEST) I wouldn't... (CHANGING MIND) Well...

DONNA

You do! Haha!

FX: SUDDEN BLARING OF ACCORDION/BAGPIPE-LIKE INSTRUMENT.

DOCTOR

Oof. Bit noisy.

DONNA

These earplugs aren't working. It sounds like a cat eating bees.

FX: HORRIBLE MUSIC CLOSER.

DONNA

Is that? It is. Yeah - it's a busker. (CALLING) Oi! You! Stop it!

FX: MUSIC STOPS.

BUSKER

Just trying to earn a crust, milady.

DONNA

And that's what you're best at, is it?

DOCTOR

How do you get through the psychic earplugs? Ah.

DOCTOR and BUSKER

(TOGETHER) Frequency dissimulator!

DOCTOR

...right.

FX: MUSIC STARTS AGAIN.

DOCTOR and DONNA

(CRIES OF PAIN) Stooooop! Pleeeaaase!

FX: MUSIC STOPS.

BUSKER

Well, for a small fee...

DOCTOR

Well, that's not busking, is it? It's money with menaces!

FX: WARM-UP HONK ON INSTRUMENT. DONNA UNFASTENS WATCH.

DONNA

Here, please. Take it!

BUSKER

(STOPPING PLAYING) Thank you, milady.

DOCTOR

Oh, Donna, you gave him your watch.

DONNA

If there's one thing I don't need hanging round with you, it's a watch.

FX: PLATOON OF GUARDS MARCHES UP.

MANE

Halt! Busker's licence please.

BUSKER

Uhm... I totally left it at- (HEADS OFF) I was just leaving.

FX: BUSKER GRABBED BY GUARDS.

MANE

You have been witnessed busking on a public highway. Licence please!

DONNA

(WHISPERING) Have you got the you-know-what?

FX: DOCTOR RUMMAGES IN HIS POCKETS.

DOCTOR

On it! Here we are, officer. I was just examining it myself.

FX: PSYCHIC PAPER FLIP OPEN, PAPER RIFLING.

MANE

It says on here this man failed all of his music exams and won Worst Musician of the Year at several major awards ceremonies.

BUSKER

Hey!

MANE

Fine, carry on. (MARCHING OFF)

DONNA

Who were they, the trumpet police?

DOCTOR

I'm not sure jail isn't too good for you. (WALKING ON) But that's a bit heavy-handed. Since when is a militia interested in a busker? In fact, since when has there been a militia on Calibris at all? Come on. My mate Soren's shop is just along here.

FX: DOCTOR AND DONNA WALK ON.

6. INT. VAGABOND'S REACH

CORA

(STRUGGLING IN ROPES) Let me go! Please!

GULLY

Now. What did I find in Lost Property?

FX: GULLY RATTLES TIME REAVER GUN.

DORN

(ASTONISHED) Is that what I think it is, boss?

GULLY

Haven't seen these on Calibris for a long time. Then, recently, they start popping up. Here and there. I'd like some more.

CORA

I don't have any more! It's not even mine!

GULLY

Shall I shoot her, lads? Test the merchandise?

MEN

Aye!

GULLY

Let's see if you're in a more co-operative mood later, shall we? Much, much later. For you. Pull the ropes a little tighter.

FX: ROPES PULLED TIGHTER.

CORA

(GASPS)

GULLY

That's it. Not too comfortable. Set the dosage way down low, don't want to waste it. Draw back the barrel.

FX: WEAPON CLICKING INTO PLACE.

CORA

No! No!

FX: TIME REAVER SHOT.

CORA

(SPEAKING INCREASINGLY SLOWLY AND DRAWN OUT, WITH FX)

No... No...

CROSS TO:

7. INT. VAGABOND'S REACH (CONTINUOUS)

FX: SLOW HEART BEAT.

CORA

(SLOWED BY FX UNDER FOLLOWING V/O) Help me...

CORA V/O

(RAPID INTERNAL MONOLOGUE, STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS) What's happening to me? Why can't I move? Why can't I talk? Why can't I breathe? I'm going mad! I remember. He shot me. He shot me with that thing, now I've been here hours and hours and days and days, and I can't sleep and I can't move and I want my dad and I can't scream. Can I scream?

CORA

(SLOWED FX) (SCREAMS)

FX: SLOW HEART BEAT CONTINUES.

8. INT. SOREN'S SHOP DAY

FX: SOREN SHIFTING BOXES.

SOREN

(SEARCHING) Fluid link... fluid link.... You would steal the type 40, Doc.

DONNA

'Doc'?

DOCTOR

(TO DONNA) No. (TO SOREN) You know how it is, Soren, when you've got to leave in a hurry.

SOREN

It gets harder every year to source the parts.

DOCTOR

(BEAT) Yes, it does.

DONNA

Where do you get all this stuff?

SOREN

Tell her not to ask questions, Doc.

DONNA

What's with all the soldiers everywhere?

DOCTOR

You tell her. (BEAT) Actually, that's a good question.

SOREN

(CRASHING AROUND BOXES) Oh, it's all change on Calibris. New Customs Authority trying to straighten us out good and proper. It's all about receipts and paperwork and they won't be getting it from me.

DOCTOR

Oh it's adorable when they try and legislate this place. Who are the willing victims this time?

SOREN

Vacintians.

DOCTOR

Of course! Vacintians. Well, well.

SOREN

I know. At least the Groff were a bit of a laugh.

DONNA

Who are you talking about?

DOCTOR

Vacintians. Very advanced, educated, organised communal race. Tidy place, Vacintia.

SOREN

They wouldn't let me in.

DOCTOR

No, they wouldn't. They have rules against people like you. Mind you, they have rules against people like basically everyone.

DONNA

Are they evil?

DOCTOR

Quite the reverse. Just thorough. Law-abiding. Sticklers. It's just the love they have for paperwork. Time travellers have issues with paperwork.

SOREN

Out of fluid links. Tell you what. Give me an hour. I'll knock you something up.

FX: SHOP BELL RINGS.

MANE

(OUTSIDE) Open up! Customs Duty! I command you to open up under section seven stroke four-three of the two point one Star Act.

SOREN

Oh no.

DONNA

Who's that?

SOREN

Later, Doc. (CALLING, HURRYING TO BACK OF SHOP) Just going through the back to get all the absolutely correct documents! Won't be a mo!

FX: BELL OUTSIDE RINGS AGAIN. HATCH CLANGS AS SOREN LEAVES.

MANE

(OUTSIDE) I charge you for the second time to open up!

DONNA

Do you think they know that door's already open? Because it's, like, a shop, in the middle of the day?

MANE

(OUTSIDE) Entering of the premises will commence.

DONNA

Where did Soren get to? That back room's tiny!

FX: DOCTOR STAMPS ON METAL HATCH.

DOCTOR

Hatches in the floors and tunnels underground. They're everywhere on Calibris, it's metal all the way down. Handy for a quick getaway.

FX: CRASH OF DOOR KNOCKED DOWN.

DOCTOR

Come in! We were just leaving.

FX: DOCTOR AND DONNA HURRY OUT.

MANE

(ENTERING) We have reports of unlicensed trading at this address.
(BEAT, CALLING) Can someone sign a receipt for the door?

9. INT. VAGABOND'S REACH

FX: SLOW HEART BEAT.

CORA

(SLOWED FX) (SCREAMS)

CORA V/O

(INTERNAL) And all I can hear and all I can feel - on and on and on - is the beat of my heart and the rope on my wrists. No-one's helping. Please, dad, please help. All I can see - for days? Has it been days? - that thing, that monster all the time. Please help me. Please, I can't bear it.

FX: SLOWED DOWN SQUELCH OF TENTACLE DRAGGED DOWN FACE, TURNING TO NORMAL SPEED AS WE MOVE INTO 'REAL' TIME OUTSIDE.

GULLY

One second. Two seconds. Or is it one hour? Two hours? How long does it feel?

FX: TENTACLE DRAG.

GULLY

My distal cephalodic limb on your little dry face? For the longest time.

CORA

(SLOWED FX) Stop!

GULLY

Over those holes you breathe through.

CORA

(SLOW STRANGULATED BREATHING WHICH CONTINUES FOR LONGER THAN COMFORTABLE)

GULLY

I want more of those guns, little girl. I want them all.

10. EXT. CALIBRIS

FX: DOCTOR AND DONNA WALK ALONG BUSTLING CALIBRIS STREET.

DONNA

Now what? I don't suppose there's a coffee shop where we can wait?

DOCTOR

No. There is a tavern, though. It's a bit... well.

VICTIM 1

(FX, SLOWED GROANING CAUSED BY TIME REAVER – OFF)

DONNA

Tell you what, this fella looks like he knows where to have fun.

VICTIM 1

(SLOWED, FX) Aargh...

DONNA

(STOPPING) Hold on. I think there's something really wrong with him. (CALLING) Doctor! Here. Down this tunnel.

DOCTOR

(COMING OVER) Calibrian rum and space lag. Nasty combination.

DONNA

No. Look. (TO VICTIM) Hello? What's wrong? Are you hurt? (BEAT) How many of you are down there?

FX: DOCTOR AND DONNA MOVE TO TUNNEL OFF STREET. SHUFFLING VICTIMS.

VICTIMS

(FX SLOWED GROANING IN TUNNEL) Help us!

DOCTOR

You're right. There's something odd...

FX: SONIC.

DOCTOR

Traces of time modulators. Oh, that's not good.

DONNA

What isn't?

FX: GUARDS APPROACH.

DOCTOR

Their subjective experience of time has been slowed down. I've seen it before, only-

MANE

(INTERRUPTS) Excuse me, do you have a licence for that device?

DONNA

You lot again. Do something useful, and get these people some help.

MANE

(CALLING) More victims. Round them up.

FX: GUARDS COLLECT VICTIMS FROM TUNNELS.

VICTIMS

(FX SLOWED, GROANING) Help us!

DONNA

Be careful!

DOCTOR

Listen to her. Every touch feels like hours to them, years even. Are you in charge? Officer? Captain?

MANE

Captain Mane.

DOCTOR

Captain Mane. What do you know about this? Why are the Vacintians here? You never bothered with Calibris before.

MANE.

Calibris didn't have Time Reaver guns before.

DOCTOR

(BEAT) Oh. Oh no.

DONNA

What? What's a Time Reaver gun?

DOCTOR

Oh. This is... worse than 'not good'. (TO MANE) So, what, the Vacintians kindly volunteered to clean up the mess?

MANE

Somebody has to. We're taking no chances. We've already lost one of our own.

DOCTOR

But how- I mean, who could even make one now?

MANE

Dunno. My job's just tracking things down.

DOCTOR

By checking everyone's credentials?

MANE

Seems a good place to start. These people will be questioned.

DOCTOR

But it'll take them weeks to answer. If they even live that long.

DONNA

Why? What'll happen to them?

DOCTOR

The Time Reaver. Life Sucker. The Endurer. There are lots of names for it. Deadliest of weapons, and it doesn't even kill you. Not at first. Outlawed in every major galaxy. Banned by every civilisation evolved enough to invent it. I thought they were gone.

DONNA

Okaay, but - what - is - it?

DOCTOR

A time-modulator. Get shot, and every instant that passes feels like an hour. Get caught in a Time Reaver bomb blast and you feel it burning for months.

DONNA

Time Reaver bomb?

DOCTOR

Oh. You can pop the ammo-pod and wire it into all kinds of other nasty devices. As if the universe didn't have enough weapons... I need to see the Chief Customs Officer.

MANE

Have you filled in the form?

FX: SONIC.

DOCTOR

Tell you what. We've got no licenses of any kind whatsoever. Arrest us!

11. EXT: CALIBRIS

FX: DOCTOR AND DONNA MARCHED THROUGH STREETS BY GUARDS, B/G TRAFFIC.

DONNA

This Time Reaver thing- I mean, you stop time every ten minutes.

DOCTOR

I do not!

DONNA

Yeah you do! What about when I was beating you at backgammon and you put the board in a time lock till I got fed up and did something else?

DOCTOR

That was completely different.

DONNA

Yeah, because you were getting owned. Owned!

DOCTOR

I wasn't-

DONNA

(OVER HIM) Owned!

DOCTOR

Look. If you get shot by a Time Reaver when you're happy, you'll do nothing but crave more for the rest of your - very short - life. If you get shot when you're in pain, you'll never recover. Either way, it leaves every civilisation it touches a blasted heath.

DONNA

(BEAT) (SOTTO) Owned.

MANE

(UP AHEAD) Keep up! Almost there.

DONNA

Those people in the tunnels, they were like skeletons... Is that what happens-?

DOCTOR

That's what happens when you shoot yourself on purpose. They're Time Reaving themselves: trying to prolong happy experiences.

DONNA

Does it work?

DOCTOR

Until they starve to death. Come on.

FX: THEY HURRY ON.

12. INT VAGABOND'S REACH

FX: TAVERN NOISE, INCLUDING SPORTS MATCH PLAYING ON SCREEN,
CUSTOMERS CHEERING.

CORA

(SLOWED FX, RETURNING TO NORMAL, IN PAIN) No... No more. Please.

FX: TENTACLES GRABBING CORA'S FACE.

GULLY

Oh, she's back. Listen, girl. The streets of Calibris have had an appetiser. But they want more. You give me all the Time Reavers you've got and there's no more foraging for me. You understand?

CORA

I don't-

GULLY

(INTERRUPTS) No more dredging a living on the remains of the lost; on the rank sweat of the missing, and the scared, and the bitter taste of those who'll never be missed. So: tell me.

CORA

I can't.

13. EXT. CUSTOMS HOUSE

FX: TRAFFIC PASSING. DOCTOR AND DONNA APPROACH.

MANE

You will enter the Customs House and present yourselves at reception for processing. Take a ticket and wait.

DONNA

And that's how you arrest someone?

MANE

Procedures were implemented after a thorough consultation process.

DOCTOR

That's Vacintians for you. Thanks for the escort.

DONNA

And what'll you lot be doing in the meantime?

MANE

I have three hundred and seventy-nine premises to check for correct documentation and records of goods.

DONNA

You what? No-one's gonna write down 'Time Reavers' in their stock-take!

MANE

We won't know until we check.

DOCTOR

Leave it, Donna. Run along, Captain Mane. We'll see ourselves in.

FX: GUARDS MARCH OFF. DOCTOR AND DONNA GO UP STEPS TO DOOR.

DONNA

Woah, impressive building.

DOCTOR

(WALKING UP TO DOORS) Oh, you don't want to know what goes on in there. The Customs House has hosted some of the most notorious escapees and smugglers in the galaxy. Burned down nine times. Survived the Great Siege of- (BREAKS OFF)

FX: DOOR SLIDES OPEN ONTO:

14. INT. CUSTOM'S HOUSE (CONTINUOUS)

FX: TINKLING FOUNTAIN, FAINT BUT CLASSY BACKGROUND MUSIC – LIKE A PALM COURT.

DOCTOR
(THROWN) Oh.

DONNA
(RUSHING IN) Ooh, it looks like a coffee shop!

DOCTOR
It... Yes. It does look a lot like a coffee shop.

DONNA
(WHISPERS) You said they didn't have coffee shops.

RECEPTIONIST
Welcome visitors, to our holistic customs office experience. Coffee?

DOCTOR
(SUSPICIOUS) Is there rum in it?

RECEPTIONIST
(LAUGHING) No, Sir, this is the Customs House!

FX: CLINKING CUPS.

DONNA
Ooh, lovely! (TO DOCTOR) What's up with your face?

DOCTOR
You don't have 'coffee shops' on Calibris! You have buccaneers, and stowaways, and monkeys dressed as pirates, and wenches...

DONNA
I thank you.

DOCTOR
And gas vents and dodgy dealings and... and cutlasses! Not-
(BREAKS OFF) Is that a scone?

DONNA
(GRABBING SCONE) Ooh! Thank you!

DOCTOR
No. This is all wrong.

DONNA
(EATING SCONE) Would scone help?

DOCTOR

No. Hey! We've been arrested. Can I see the Customs Officer?

RECEPTIONIST

Have you got- ?

FX: DOCTOR WALKS PAST.

DOCTOR

No. (LEAVING) Through here is it?

RECEPTIONIST

Oh. Yes, Sir. But-

FX: DONNA PUTS CUP DOWN.

DONNA

(FOLLOWING) Thanks for the coffee!

15. INT RONE'S OFFICE

FX: FAN TURNING. DOOR SLIDING SMOOTHLY OPEN.

RONE

Hello there. Hi. Nice to meet you. Officer Rone, Chief of Customs.

DOCTOR

(STRIDING IN) You're in charge? I need some answers.

RONE

Sorry, has there been some mix up? You're not on my agenda.

DOCTOR

I am now.

DONNA

(ENTERING) Sorry. He's upset about the scones. Among other things.

DOCTOR

So. The Vacintians are running Calibris now?

RONE

Don't you think it's an improvement?

DOCTOR

I don't think anything's an improvement with Time Reavers loose on the streets.

RONE

That's what we're here to stop. Zero tolerance, Mr?

DOCTOR

I'm the Doctor, and I'm here to help.

RONE

We are capable of looking after our own affairs, Doctor. If you'd like to return to reception-

DOCTOR

(INTERRUPTS) No. I don't think you heard me. I'm helping. Whether you like it or not.

RONE

Please-

DOCTOR

Listen to me, Officer Rone. I've seen Time Reavers before. I've seen a man kept on the brink of death for near-eternity, until he changed his will. A mother using them to keep her own child from leaving home. Time Reavers were stamped out. Eradicated.

RONE

We know. We kept the records in our sector of space. I know what this technology can do in the wrong hands.

DOCTOR

Then you know you need to try harder.

DONNA

Listen, Officer Rone. We really mean it. We want to help. The Doctor's kind of an expert in this stuff.

DOCTOR

'Kind of'? I'm a Time Lord. You have no idea what you're dealing with, Rone. I do.

RONE

(TAKEN ABACK) A... Time Lord?

DOCTOR

Go ahead. Check your files. Run a body-scan. Memory trace. Do whatever you need to convince yourself I'm telling the truth.

FX: RONE USES SCANNER ON DOCTOR.

RONE

I see. It's true. But I thought- (BREAKS OFF, BEAT) None of the locals will help. One of our people's been taken; we think by a gang dealing Time Reavers. (STARTS TYPING) The supply's stopped - for now. But we're turning the town upside down to find her. So far, nobody's been remotely helpful.

FX: PRINTER RUNS UNDER FOLLOWING.

DOCTOR

That'll be the big guns and the boots and the marching and the forced scones.

DONNA

Doctor...

RONE

One moment. (TEARS OFF PRINTOUT) Here. Authorisation for you to act on my behalf in all matters related to the Time Reaver investigation.

DONNA

(TAKING PAPER) Ta. I usually handle the paperwork.

RONE

(RELIEVED) Believe me, I'm grateful for any assistance you can offer.

DOCTOR

Finally! So, where to start looking for illegal weapons and a kidnapped Vacintian? It takes a traveller to know a terminus very well. And I, let me tell you, am quite the traveller. (BEAT) I think it's time we paid a visit to Vagabond's Reach.

16. EXT CALIBRIS

FX: B/G TRAFFIC NOISE. DOCTOR AND DONNA HURRY ALONG.

DONNA

We could have had guards! All we've got is his piece of paper.

DOCTOR

Doesn't matter on Calibris. Trust me Donna, turn up with an armed escort where we're going, we won't get through the door.

DONNA

There was something else up with Rone. Do you think he's hiding something?

DOCTOR

Apart from more paperwork? No, it's best we handle this. Plus, don't tell anyone, but I quite like Vagabond's Reach.

FX: APPROACHING TAVERN MERRIMENT, INSIDE. ROWDINESS, SMASHING GLASSES.

DOCTOR

Vagabond's Reach! Tavern of Taverns! Most feared social environment in the galaxy!

DONNA

You've never been up Sugar Hut on a Tuesday.

DOCTOR

You don't know everything about me. (BEAT) Ready?

DONNA

Is this the front door? They don't even have a bouncer!

DOCTOR

Basically, think of them all as bouncers.

FX: CREAK OF HUGE WOODEN DOOR.

17. INT. VAGABOND'S REACH (CONTINUOUS)

FX: NOISY TAVERN, SPORTS GAME PLAYING ON SCREENS. DOOR OPENING. AND SILENCE FALLS. DOCTOR AND DONNA APPROACH.

CUSTOMERS

(SUSPICIOUS MURMURING)

GULLY

(JUST OFF) I can ask again. With a stronger dose.

CORA

(JUST OFF) Please, no!

DORN

Boss! We got company.

FX: TENTACLES SLITHERING UNDER FOLLOWING.

DOCTOR

Oh.

DONNA

What?

DOCTOR

That was annoyingly straightforward. I was hoping we might have time for a tankard of the famous Calibrian you-know-what. Oh well.
(CALLING) Hello there!

GULLY

Ah, a stranger.

DOCTOR

Friend you haven't met yet?

GULLY

(BEAT) Who are you?

DOCTOR

I'm someone who unties girls from chairs.

GULLY

I'm Gully. And in my home, you follow my rules.

DOCTOR

(CALLING TO CORA) Everything alright over there?

CORA

(CALLING, OFF) Not really. No.

GULLY

That was your warning. Now get out.

FX: RAPID SLITHERING. CHAIRS BREAKING. GLASSES FALLING.

DONNA

Doctor, he's breaking all the furniture!

DOCTOR

I think perhaps there is such a thing as too many tentacles.

FX: GULLY BRANDISHES CLASHING SWORDS.

DONNA

You did say you wanted more cutlasses.

GULLY

You're staying, then? (CALLING) Dorn! Bolt the doors!

FX: DOOR BOLTED. SWIPING SWORD. SMASH.

DONNA

Doctor!

DOCTOR

(RUNNING, JUMPING) If only I was more interested in sport.

GULLY

(ROAR OF EFFORT) Stay still!

DONNA

Why, so you'd be better at skipping? (CALLING) Watch out!

FX: SWIPE, SMASH.

DOCTOR

(BREATHLESS) Thanks. No. The screens! Wish I knew who's playing tonight.

DONNA

(EFFORT) Doctor! Behind this table!

FX: DONNA UP-ENDS A TABLE. DOCTOR DUCKS BEHIND WITH HER.

DONNA

The Blues.

DOCTOR

Seriously?

DONNA

One side is always the Blues.

FX: SWORD SMASHES INTO TABLE, CARVING CHUNKS.

GULLY

Nowhere to run, stranger. Eight hands. That table is matchwood!

DOCTOR

(OVER PREVIOUS, TAKES DEEP BREATH, STANDS AND SHOUTS) Come on the Blues!

CUSTOMER 1

Yeah! The Blues!

CUSTOMER 2

What? The Blues suck!

CUSTOMER 1

Come over here and say that!

FX: GLASS THROWN DOWN, CHAIR PUSHED BACK.

CUSTOMER 2

I will!

GULLY

Gentlemen! I'm trying to-

DOCTOR

(STARTS CHANTING) Blues! Blues! Blues!

CUSTOMERS

(CHANTING) Blues! Blues! Blues!

FX: GLASSES SMASH. A PUNCH IS THROWN. A MAJOR RUCKUS STARTS.

DOCTOR

(WHISPERING) Quick Donna! Crawl under the benches. Meet me at our damsel in distress.

DONNA

What about you?

DOCTOR

I'm taking a more direct route.

DONNA

What about that Gully-fish thing with all the swords?

DOCTOR

He's by the bar. There's a little trick I did last time I was here.

FX: SONIC BUZZ. BAR PUMPS BURST AND SPRAY ALE THROUGH FOLLOWING.

DOCTOR

(LEAPING UP) Calibrian ale, on the house! In fact, all over the house! Fill your tankards! Go the Blues!

CUSTOMERS
(CHEERING)

FX: CHEERS AND RUCKUS GETS BIGGER. CUSTOMERS RUSH THE BAR, SWAMPING GULLY. DOCTOR RUNS ACROSS TO CORA.

GULLY
(AMID THE CHAOS) Get back, you imbeciles!

CORA
Get me out of here. Please!

DOCTOR
(REACHING CORA) Are you alright? Think you can run?

CORA
How long have I been here?

FX: DOCTOR USES SONIC ON KNOTS.

DOCTOR
Let me get at these knots. They're covered in goo.

FX: STICKINESS PEELING OFF. DONNA ARRIVES, CRAWLING.

DONNA
(BREATHLESS) This floor is filthy! Hi, I'm Donna.

CORA
Hi. I'm Cora.

FX: SONIC. CORA'S CHAIR BEING PUSHED OVER.

DOCTOR
You're free. Follow me!

FX: DOCTOR CRAWLS OFF. DONNA AND CORA FOLLOW.

CORA
(CRAWLING) He seems to know the way.

DONNA
(CRAWLING) Apparently he's a regular.

FX: SONIC. METAL HATCH SWINGS OPEN.

DOCTOR
Delivery hatch. Down here. Come on!

FX: THEY SCRAMBLE OUT, HATCH CLANGS SHUT BEHIND. ALE TAPS STOP SPRAYING. COMMOTION CALMS. GULLY GETS FREE.

GULLY

Where'd they go? After them! Find them!

FX: SLITHERING TENTACLES. WOODEN DOOR UNBOLTED AND OPENED.

18. INT TUNNELS UNDER VAGABOND'S REACH

FX: DRIPPING UNDERGROUND ECHO. DOCTOR, DONNA AND CORA RUN UP AND STOP.

DOCTOR

Service tunnels. It'll take them a while, coming the long way round.

FX: SONIC, A DOOR SLIDES OPEN.

DOCTOR

I should check we're on the right track. Wait here, you two.

FX: DOCTOR'S STEPS HEAD AWAY.

DONNA

Cora? Are you okay?

CORA

That octopus thing. He's so...

DONNA

It's alright. I know. What were you doing there?

CORA

I've never been to Calibris before. I was just looking around. I'm not a very good tourist.

DONNA

You're Vacintian, right? What's it like back home, then?

CORA

It's... quiet. A lot quieter than here.

DONNA

Yeah, most places are.

CORA

Farms, mostly. Peaceful. The sun's so huge, I can't tell you. When it goes down, it fills the entire sky, a huge ball of pink.

DONNA

Sounds lovely. Why'd you come here?

CORA

Have you never looked at your life, and thought, this isn't what I had in mind? This isn't what I wanted at all? I want to throw it all up and go do something completely different?

DONNA

Mmm.

CORA

That was mostly before I got tied up by an octopus and shot with a Time Reaver.

DONNA

It actually shot you?

CORA

Just a tiny dose. To soften me up. But, oh, it's horrible. The panic, the pain. (BEAT) The universe is not what I thought it would be like at all.

DONNA

Don't worry. You'll be safe with- (BREAKS OFF)

FX: CLANGING DOORS AND RUNNING CRONIES, DISTANT.

GULLY

(DISTANT, ECHOING, SHOUTING) Find them!

DONNA

Never mind.

FX: DOCTOR RUNS BACK.

DOCTOR

(ARRIVING) Not that way then! Down there! Move!

FX: THEY START RUNNING

CORA

Where to?

DONNA

Does it matter? Come on!

FX: DOCTOR, DONNA AND CORA RUN ON AWAY FROM PURSUERS.

CUT TO:

19. INT. ANOTHER PART OF TUNNEL (CONTINUOUS)

FX: SOREN'S SINGLE SET OF FOOTSTEPS, STOPPING. THEN DOCTOR'S GROUP RUNNING IN DISTANCE.

DONNA

(RUNNING, OFF) Which way now?

FX: SOREN STARTS RUNNING. DOCTOR'S GROUP GETS CLOSER.

DOCTOR

(CALLING, JUST OFF) Round here!

FX: DOCTOR, DONNA, CORA RUNNING IN, COLLIDING WITH SOREN.

CORA

Oh no!

SOREN

(BREATHLESS, WHISPERING) Doctor!

DOCTOR

Soren! I am very glad it's you. What are you doing down here? Hang on, you're not with Gully?

SOREN

That gangster? No chance. Was just in Vagabond's Reach, weren't I? And by the way, the Blues are totally awesome- (BREAKS OFF) Oh. It's you.

CORA

(BEAT) What do you mean?

SOREN

Well done, Doc, you've caught the evil little beast.

20. EXT. CALIBRIS TUNNEL

FX: CRONIES RUNNING. GULLY SLITHERING.

GULLY

It's no good! We've gotta be smarter than this.

DORN

What you reckon boss? Cardyne thinks they went down the connector levels.

GULLY

You idiot, Dorn. You should have been watching her. Half as many arms as me, you've half as many brain cells too.

FX: SLITHERING TENTACLES GRAB DORN.

DORN

(GRABBED, STRUGGLING) No boss. Wait. I've got an idea!

GULLY

You know what? So have I.

FX: RATTLE OF TIME REAVER GUN.

DORN

(CRIES OUT, CHOKING) No!

21. INT TUNNEL

FX: RATTLING TRACKS, FAINT B/G.

DOCTOR

What do you mean, Soren? Who's evil?

SOREN

She is! She's the one who brought the Time Reaver in!

CORA

Hey, leave me alone.

DONNA

What? How do you know?

SOREN

Because she tried to sell it to me. I told her what for. That'll be how she ended up at Vagabond's Reach. Looking for a buyer.

DOCTOR

Cora. Is this true?

FX: GRINDING TRACKS CHANGING, LOWERING, CONNECTING.

DONNA

What's that?

SOREN

They're changing the tracks over. These are terminal connection tunnels.

DONNA

Hang on. We're standing. Right now. In the middle of a tunnel actual trains come through?

SOREN

Yeah, that's the rocket track coming down. We should-

DONNA

(OVER HIM) Doctor!

DOCTOR

Don't worry, we'd be able to hear if a train was coming. (BEAT) Unless... you didn't want to hear-

DONNA

(SHOUTING) Unless you're wearing psychic ear plugs! Wait, get these things out...

FX: UNPLUGGING EARPLUGS. VERY SUDDEN, VERY LOUD ROCKETING TRAIN APPROACHING.

DOCTOR

Move! To the side! To the side!

FX: THEY SCATTER. TRAIN NOISE LOUDER.

DONNA

(OVER NOISE) Soren knew it was coming. So did Cora! She's jumping the tracks! Cora! Come back! (GOES AFTER HER)

FX: DONNA RUNS AFTER CORA, TRAIN ALMOST UPON THEM.

DOCTOR

(CALLING) Donna!

FX: TRAIN CARRIAGES THUNDER PAST.

DOCTOR

(OVER NOISE) Donna!

SOREN

(OVER NOISE) She went after the girl!

FX: TRAIN PASSES INTO DISTANCE. TRACKS SHIFT AND MOVE.

DOCTOR

They're gone. They must have made it across the tracks.

SOREN

You hope they did. Wouldn't be much left if they didn't.

DOCTOR

They made it alright. (CALLING) Donna!

FX: GRINDING CHANGING TRACKS AGAIN.

SOREN

Wait up, Doc! Tunnels are rejigging. That way's closed!

DOCTOR

And now there's a thousand places they could be. Right. We need help to look for them. And I need a straight answer out of Rone.

22. INT. TUNNELS

FX: CORA RUNS INTO ECHOING SIDE TUNNEL.

DONNA

(CALLING, OFF) Cora! Wait!

CORA

(STOPPING, TO SELF) I've made such a mess. What will he say? I can't go back now... Stupid, stupid, stupid-

FX: DONNA RUNS UP.

DONNA

Cora! Please listen. The Doctor will help. We both will.

CORA

Really?

DONNA

I promise. Just tell me why. Tell me why you've got the Time Reavers. Tell me what you're doing.

23. INT. CUSTOMS HOUSE

FX: TINKLING FOUNTAINS. DOCTOR STORMS IN.

RONE

Doctor! Did you find-?

DOCTOR

(INTERRUPTS) Why is one of your people selling Time Reavers on Calibris? It's like sending a field mouse into a snake pit! Where did those weapons come from?

RONE

Would you like-?

DOCTOR

(INTERRUPTS, ANGRY) No, I don't want any coffee.

FX: DOCTOR PUSHES CUPS ASIDE.

DOCTOR

I want your help to find my friend. And I want the truth.

RONE

(SIGHING) You... don't know about Vacintia.

DOCTOR

Sitting in fields, eating biscuits and weaving, isn't it?

RONE

It's dying, Doctor. Vacintia is dying.

DOCTOR

I'm sorry to hear that. Your planet was... very beautiful.

RONE

The sun fills the sky now. Bigger every day. We will watch the final sunset and die with our world. We are Vacintia. And Vacintia's time is over. We accept that.

DOCTOR

So why spend your final days making a weapon? And why give it to a child?

RONE

She stole it. She doesn't understand. Because you have to believe me: for us, it was never meant to be a weapon.

24. INT. TUNNELS

FX: DRIPPING TUNNELS.

DONNA

What do you do? When your planet's dying? Do you all move?

CORA

It's not practical. There are 90 billion of us. Nobody wants us as refugees.

DONNA

Well... I know this would be hard - but can't some of you leave?

CORA

I don't understand.

DONNA

Can't some go... and leave the rest behind? I don't know how you'd decide - how could anyone? - but surely that would be better-?

CORA

(INTERRUPTS) We can't. Vacintians are a collective race, Donna. We do everything together. Everything by the rules. We like to be the same.

DONNA

What, none of you will leave because all of you can't?

CORA

That's right. (BEAT) But, there was a plan.

25. INT. CUSTOMS HOUSE**DOCTOR**

That's a terrible, terrible plan. Everyone sitting watching the final sunset, shooting themselves gently with a Time Reaver. And it never occurred to you that someone might just steal it and try and sell it on?

RONE

It's... not the way of our people. That's why I was granted permission to come to- [Calibris.]

DOCTOR

(INTERRUPTS) Oh, you peace-loving basket-weaving, crime-free ever-so-organised Vacintians.

RONE

Doctor-

DOCTOR

Sixty million people travel through Calibris every day. If one of them takes a Time Reaver back to their home planet, reverse engineers it... Lets it loose on the galaxy. There will be millennia of screaming, Rone. Lost voices, howling into an endless void.

RONE

I see that now. We confiscated the Time Reavers a long time ago. I was studying them. Working out how to make enough for everyone. Cora broke into the research facility. Took the samples. It's all my fault.

DOCTOR

She stole them. To escape. To sell. She's an arms dealer.

RONE

She's more than that. (BEAT) She's my daughter.

26. INT. TUNNELS.

FX: DRIPPING TUNNELS.

CORA

Dad worked so hard. He truly believed it was the only way to make it bearable. For everyone. To be together at the end. Forever.

DONNA

I think... I think it's nice. Everyone all together, holding each other, wringing every last long beautiful second out of life.

CORA

I thought other people might think it was nice too. I didn't want to sell weapons.

FX: DORN'S SHUFFLING STEPS, OFF.

DONNA

No. You wanted to sell sunsets.

CORA

Shh!

DORN

(SIMULATING TIME REAVER EFFECT, OFF) Help... me...

DONNA

(WHISPER) Who's that?

FX: DORN APPROACHES.

DORN

Please... Help...!

DONNA

He's from the tavern. He's one of Gully's men.

CORA

What happened to you!?

DORN

Shot...with...Time Reaver. The... pain...

CORA

Oh! I know what it's like. Did he punish you for letting me get away? I am so sorry. (HURRIES OVER) Let me help.

DONNA

Wait, Cora.

CORA

(HELPING DORN) Please, don't worry. It will wear off. I wish I'd never brought it. I thought people would buy it for nice things! Like parties and dancing and falling in love. I am so, so-

FX: DORN GRABS CORA.

CORA

(CRIES OUT)

DORN

Gotcha!

DONNA

Let her go!

DORN

Now, now, Red. I got two blasters and two arms free to carry you both.

DONNA

(CRIES OUT, GRABBED) Get off!

DORN

What did you think, Gully would just let you march off? Bloomin' tourists.

FX: DORN DRAGS DONNA AND CORA OFF.

27. INT. CUSTOMS HOUSE, RONE'S OFFICE

FX: FAN TURNING, SOREN ENTERS.

SOREN

Right, Doc. Everyone from Commercial District's on board. We'll start on the upper levels.

DOCTOR

Soren and his friends know these tunnels. If Calibrians and Vacintians work together, you can scour this place.

RONE

I understand.

DOCTOR

We'll find Donna and Cora, or we'll find the Time Reavers first. Soren, tell him how many tunnels- ?

SOREN

(INTERRUPTS) Four million kilometres.

RONE

What?

DOCTOR

More or less. But only a small proportion is walkable. Narrows it down. Some tunnels are poisonous, depends what they transport. Some have fuel flowing through, some have got oil-

SOREN

(INTERRUPTS) You gotta watch for those gas venters. Oh, and double check the timetables. Some of those ships don't make a sound, and they move at half the speed of-

DOCTOR

(INTERRUPTS) Let's just get started. They can't have got far.

FX: RONE SWITCHING ON MICROPHONE.

RONE

(INTO MICROPHONE) Attention Vacintians! Return to the Customs House for new orders. Repeat, return to the Customs House.

28. EXT. CALIBRIS

FX: B/G TRAFFIC. GUARDS MARCHING.

MANE

All Customs guards return to Customs House! Now!

FX: GUARDS MARCH OFF. DORN DRAGS CORA AND DONNA ALONG STREET.

DONNA

(STRUGGLING) What did that octopus glue onto my back? I can't get it off!

DORN

(DRAGGING PRISONERS) Let's just get you both to the Customs House.

DONNA

We don't want to go to the Customs House.

DORN

That's why I brought the blasters.

CORA

What's Gully stuck on Donna?

DORN

I think you know.

DONNA

The Doctor said... you can modify those Time Reavers. Turn them into bombs.

DORN

Imagine living through the explosion; the fire, the fumes. For years.

DONNA

Every instant lasts for hours...

CORA

Oh no. Please, no. I thought people would want Time Reavers for... for longer holidays and... weddings and things.

DORN

You thought people would want longer weddings?

CORA

(SOBS) I never meant- (MUFFLED, DORN CLAMPS HAND OVER MOUTH)

DORN

Quiet! (STOPPING) We're here. You, inside. You, stay and watch. Gully thinks it'll jog your memory.

DONNA

(STRUGGLING) I'm not doing it!

FX: DORN WRANGLES DONNA, CLICKS BOMB-SWITCH, POWER-UP HUM.

DORN

(EFFORT) Should have evolved as many arms as me then. Bit of an advantage. Move! Or I'll blast the little girlie right here!

FX: DORN PUSHES DOOR OPEN. MUSIC, FOUNTAINS INSIDE.

DONNA

Alright!

FX: DORN SHOVES DONNA. SHE STUMBLES INSIDE.

RECEPTIONIST

(OFF, INSIDE) Can I help you?

FX: QUIET TICKING. DORN SLAMS DOOR BEHIND.

29. INT. RONE'S OFFICE

FX: PRINTERS AND SCREEN CHATTERING.

RONE

I'm getting reports from the patrols.

DOCTOR

Anything?

RONE

Not yet. But with the Calibrians' help, we'll find them, Doctor.

DOCTOR

Right. I'll get out there myself. I can always use- (BREAKS OFF)
Hang on... I should have thought of this before.

FX: SONIC. EXTERNAL BACKGROUND NOISES FADING.

RONE

(SOUNDING DISTANT) What are you doing?

DOCTOR

Tuning my psychic earplugs. If I use a frequency dissimulator I might be able to hear something. Ssh.

FX: FADE TO SILENCE. BEAT. QUIET TICKING, BECOMING DISTINCT. DONNA BREATHING.

DONNA

(WHISPER, ETHEREAL) Doctor. Doctor, where are you?

DOCTOR

No. No!

FX: SONIC. SOUND OF ROOM RETURNS.

DONNA

What is it?

DOCTOR

Donna's right outside. And I think she's got a bomb.

30. INT. CUSTOMS HOUSE.

RECEPTIONIST

Excuse me? Can I help you? (WARY) There's something on your back.

DONNA

(THROWN) What? (BEAT) I know. And someone's blocking the door! Is there another exit?

RECEPTIONIST

Madam, you can't-

DONNA

I've got a bomb strapped to my back, so unless you want a very sudden change of decor in here, show me another way out!

FX: DOCTOR AND RONE RUN INTO LOBBY.

DOCTOR

Donna!

RONE

Miss. Please-

DONNA

Cora's outside. One of Gully's men has hold of her. Doctor-

DOCTOR

Donna, stay calm.

FX: TICKING LOUDER.

DOCTOR

Everybody else, stay back. She's wired! It's a Time Reaver bomb!

DONNA

That's not helping me stay calm!

RONE

Turn around and take off the backpack, Miss.

DONNA

I can't. Gully fixed it on with goo from his suckers.

DOCTOR

(RUNNING) Now, hold still!

FX: DOCTOR RUNS AND GRABS DONNA.

DONNA

(GASPS) Watch it!

DOCTOR

(GRAPPLING WITH BACKPACK) No. Can't shift it. Hand, Donna! Window it is.

DONNA

You what?

DOCTOR

Gehen Wir!!! (RUNNING) Oh. Not sure I like that one.

FX: THEY RUN, HUGE CRASH OF GLASS. THUD. CALIBRIS TRAFFIC OUTSIDE.

31. EXT. CALIBRIS (CONTINUOUS)

FX: DOCTOR DRAGGING DONNA, CRUNCHING GLASS.

DONNA

Doctor, what are you doing?!

DOCTOR

Getting you away from other people. And thank you, yes, that was a spectacular leap through that pane of glass.

FX: DORN RUNS FROM FRONT, DRAGGING CORA.

DORN

(OFF) Oi! Get back in there!

CORA

Donna!

RONE

(EXITING BUILDING, SHOUTING) Customs officers! Charge your weapons! Surround that man!

FX: RUNNING BOOTS, BUZZING WEAPONS. GUARDS GRAB DORN, JUST OFF.

DORN

You can't touch me. Not without a warrant signed by-(PUNCHED)

RONE

(EFFORT OF PUNCH, GRABS CORA) Cora! I've got you.

CORA

Dad! Oh, dad!

DONNA

What now? This thing's still ticking!

DOCTOR

With me, Donna. Run!

FX: RUNNING. TICKING GETTING LOUDER, FASTER THROUGH FOLLOWING.

DONNA

(RUNNING) I can't get it off!

DOCTOR

(RUNNING) As soon as we're away from the crowds, I can fix that.

FX: TICKING GETTING FASTER. TRAFFIC FADES AS THEY RUN TO QUIETER WORMHOLE PARK.

ROBOTIC VOICE

(UNDER FOLLOWING) The Wormhole Express is departing imminently. Please clear the platform.

FX: THEY STOP. SONIC.

DOCTOR

Nobody on the platform. This'll have to do. Hold still.

DONNA

Doctor, if this is it. I want you to know-

FX: SONIC AND GLOOP UNSTICKING THROUGH FOLLOWING.

DOCTOR

Shush, Donna. What *is* this stuff?

FX: TICKING LOUDER AND FASTER.

DONNA

Please, Doctor. Listen. I wouldn't have missed it for the world. Everything we've seen-

DOCTOR

We've not seen everything yet, Donna Noble! (WORKING AT GLOOP)
Come on! Come on!

FX: CORA AND RONE RUN UP.

RONE

(SHOUTING) Doctor!

CORA

Donna!

DOCTOR

(SHOUTING) Bit busy. (CRY OF EFFORT)

FX: SONIC. GLOOP UNSTICKING, BACKPACK RELEASED.

DONNA

(GASPS) It's off! You did it!

DOCTOR

I did... (REALISING) Right. Now it's stuck to me. Get back everyone!
Donna, you too.

ROBOTIC VOICE

The Wormhole Express is ready for departure.

FX: ALERT SOUNDS ON BOMB. IT'S ABOUT TO BLOW.

DOCTOR

It's going to go off any second.

RONE

(RUSHING FORWARD) Give me that, Doctor! I'll get rid of it!

DOCTOR

No!

CORA

Dad, it's okay! The Doctor will take it!

DOCTOR

Rone, you mustn't-

FX: RONE RUNS TO DOCTOR. HE GRAPPLES WITH HIM, GRABS THE BOMB.

RONE

(EFFORT) I have it!

DOCTOR

Give it back!

RONE

I should never have let it slip through my fingers. Or you, Cora. It's all on me. Not you.

DONNA

It's about to blow! Chuck it down the hole!

CORA

Dad! Throw it!

RONE

(STRUGGLING) It's stuck! I can't- (STOPS) I can't. (BEAT, QUIET) I love you.

FX: GARGLING WHOOSH AS WORMHOLE ARRIVES AND RONE JUMPS.

RONE

(FALLING AWAY INTO WORMHOLE) Aaaaah....

CORA AND DONNA

No!

32. INT. WORMHOLE

RONE

(SLOWED FX) Aaagh!

FX: HEARTBEAT SLOW.

RONE V/O

(FAST INTERNAL MONOLOGUE, STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS) What... what's happening? I can't breathe, can't move, but I'm falling, I'm stretching, and this thing, this thing in my hand, atom by atom it's moving and stretching and I can't- (BREAKS OFF) Cora! Cora, you're safe... and I can't escape, I can't get out, it's happening so slowly but I'm thinking so fast and no, I know, I know you're safe. Cora. My Cora. I'm trapped and I can't move and-

RONE

(SLOWED FX) (SCREAMS)

FX: VERY SLOW EXPLOSION

33. EXT CALIBRIS

FX: WHOOSHING WORMHOLE IN B/G. DONNA HUGS CORA.

DONNA

Come here.

CORA

(SOBBING)

DONNA

Sssh. Ssh.

CORA

I never meant... I never meant this to happen.

DOCTOR

Nobody ever does.

CORA

I thought... I thought it was an adventure. (STIFLING TEARS)
Something that wasn't just another sunset. They kept getting bigger. The sunsets. It was obvious something bad was happening. Dad was working all the time. He wouldn't talk about it. I wanted him to see me. Just me. Not everyone. Not the whole of Vacintia... just me.

DONNA

Ssh.

CORA

I need to explain! He might still be in there! Give me your ear plugs! I can hear him! (SOBBING)

DOCTOR

No.

CORA

(SOBBING) It would have felt so long to him.

DONNA

You know, Cora. When I... when I lost my dad.

CORA

(SNIFFING)

DONNA

When I lost my dad... and let me tell you, I loved him so much...

DOCTOR

We've got to move. Gully will be looking for us.

DONNA

When I lost my dad, do you know what his last words to me were?

CORA

No. What?

DONNA

They were, 'give up your stash of terrible, terrible weapons'.

DOCTOR

What?

DONNA

Sshush.

CORA

(SOBBING) I know. I will. I know.

DONNA

Sssh.

34. INT SOREN'S SHOP

FX: CLATTERING BOXES SHIFTED AND THROWN THROUGH FOLLOWING.

DOCTOR

You hid them in Soren's shop?

SOREN

(SEARCHING) We'd have been searching those tunnels forever.

CORA

It feels like everything and nothing is here. (CALLING) There! Under there!

SOREN

(EFFORT) By my unfiled tax returns.

FX: SOREN DRAGS OUT BOX OF GUNS.

SOREN

Here we go. Looks like a couple of dozen.

CORA

Twenty-three. No. Twenty-two. I gave some away, but stopped when I saw- (SNIFFS) People wanted more.

SOREN

What now? Wait for Donna to bring the Vacintian guards?

DOCTOR

No. (BEAT) All the Time Reavers on Calibris. Cora, it's time. I don't want anyone else but me getting hold of them.

FX: CORA PICKS UP BAG.

CORA

Here, Doctor.

DOCTOR

Thank you.

FX: BELL RINGS, DOOR OPENS, GULLY SLITHERS IN. CRONIES GATHER OUTSIDE.

GULLY

Shop!

SOREN

Get out of here, Gully. And take your cronies with you.

GULLY

My men stay outside. As do my swords. A show of good faith. This is where we come to make deals, do we not?

DOCTOR

There's no deal.

GULLY

Oh, I'm sure we can do a deal, Doctor? Safe passage through Calibris? Past my people?

DOCTOR

We'll take our chances.

GULLY

Really? Calibris is nobody's home, but it is mine. These tunnels are mine: the sweat of passengers, longing for home; the dark, and the waiting. Where every trip takes forever; where no journeys ever end: and all that's left behind. I belong here, and those Time Reaver guns belong to me.

DOCTOR

They have no place on this planet or this universe. I'll dispose of them.

GULLY

No. The supply dried up just when folk got a taste. Makes them worth a lot. Safe passage is fair price.

DOCTOR

There is no price on this.

GULLY

Then you make me take them.

FX: SLITHERS CLOSER.

DONNA

(OUTSIDE, CALLING) Oi! You lot. Out of the way!

FX: CORA GOES TO WINDOW. MARCHING GUARDS SURROUND CRONIES OUTSIDE.

CORA

Donna's back. With the guards!

SOREN

You're outnumbered, Gully.

GULLY

Those fools won't shoot until they've orders signed in triplicate. I heard there'd been an accident. Who's going to sign those orders now? (SHOUTING) Give me the Time Reavers!

DOCTOR

Never.

DONNA

(OUTSIDE, CALLING) I have in my hand a piece of paper. And it says I'm in charge! Captain Mane, set lasers to stun. Round 'em up!

FX: COMMOTION OUTSIDE, CRONIES CAPTURED BY VACINTIANS WITH BUZZING GUNS. DOCTOR STARTS STACKING TIME REAVERS.

SOREN

(BEAT) Doctor, what are you up to?

GULLY

Hand them over!

FX: SONIC BUZZ. TIME REAVER SHOT.

DOCTOR

(IN PAIN) Agh! That works... So...

GULLY

(FURIOUS) No! This is your last chance!

DOCTOR

No, Gully. It's your last chance. Your last chance to see a pile of the most valuable, nasty and downright dangerous merchandise this universe has to offer. But you just missed the window. The Time Reavers are not for sale. In fact, we're out of stock.

FX: SONIC PULSING. LOTS OF SIMULTANEOUS TIME REAVER SHOTS.

DOCTOR

(REACTS TO MULTIPLE SHOTS)

FX: DONNA BURSTS THROUGH DOOR. MANE FOLLOWS.

DONNA

Captain! In here! Doctor?

FX: CLANG AS GULLY SLITHERS INTO A FLOOR HATCH.

MANE

Where's the ringleader, ma'am!

SOREN

He just slithered down my trap door!

MANE

We'll start a search. (EXITS)

DONNA

(SHOCKED) Doctor? What did you do?

CORA

(BEAT) He shot himself. With all the Time Reavers.

FX: DONNA RUNS OVER AND CROUCHES BESIDE.

DONNA

You. Total. Idiot. What on Earth have you done? Why couldn't you just burn them?

DOCTOR

(IN PAIN) Couldn't risk it. Not in a place like Calibris. Someone finds a trace, copies it... Ow! Only way to be sure... is for me... to absorb every last molecule!

DONNA

You could've taken them into the TARDIS! Kept them there!

DOCTOR

(STRUGGLING) Time modulators in a time machine, are you nuts?
(SLOWER FX) Like forks in a microwave. Oh. Here it comes. Let me sit a moment. Don't worry about me, please.

DONNA

You div!

DOCTOR

(VERY SLOW FX) I am a Time Lord. We are not strangers, eternity and I.

DONNA

Get him a pillow! Now! Are you comfortable? Because if you've an itch or something, you know, that's going to be really really bad. I'm going to... hang on. I can listen with the earplugs, right? Make sure you're okay? You'll be okay?

FX: DOCTOR'S SLOW SWALLOWING. SLOW RATTLING INTAKE OF BREATH. A DOUBLE HEARTBEAT AT A NORMAL PACE. THEN SLOWER, THEN SLOWER, THEN, FINALLY, AN AGONISINGLY LONG PAUSE BETWEEN THE THRUMMING BEATS.

DONNA

How long will it be for him? No, don't tell me.

SOREN

Okay. (BEAT) I'd better see what's happening out there. (GOES TO DOOR)

DONNA

Years? Decades?

SOREN

And the rest, yeah. (EXITS)

DONNA

Frozen tight. For decades. The man who never stops moving. Quicksilver.

FX: SHOP DOOR CLOSES. SLOW DOUBLE HEARTBEAT.

35. EXT. OUTSIDE SOREN'S SHOP.

FX: MILLING CROWD. HONKING HORRIBLE MUSIC NOISE. DOOR OPENS.

DONNA

(AT DOOR) Oi. You with the pipes! Quiet!

BUSKER

I heard what just happened. Thought I could play him some tunes. Help him through.

DONNA

That is literally the most horrific idea anyone has ever had.

BUSKER

(BEAT) Yeah, alright then. Bye.

DONNA

Hang on. What's the worst, the most truly terrible piece of music you know?

BUSKER

What, you want something really bad? Seriously?

DONNA

Just an idea. Play me the worst thing you know. Your least favourite piece of music.

BUSKER

(BEAT) Well, I do know this hideously melodic...

FX: A BEAUTIFUL GENTLE REPETITIVE LULLABY-STYLE PIECE OF MUSIC.

DONNA

Perfect. Go on in.

FX: BUSKER ENTERS, AFTER A MOMENT, LULLABY MUSIC STARTS INSIDE. CORA EXITS.

DONNA

Cora? Do you mind the music? You can stay, if you want.

CORA

No. Thanks. I wanted to find out-

SOREN

(APPROACHING) Donna! Gully's just been seen in the vent tunnels. It's not far. But the Vacintians won't go in. Health and safety, apparently.

CORA

The vents? Right. (HURRIES OFF)

DONNA

Cora? Cora, wait! (BEAT) Soren. Give me a second.

FX: DONNA DUCKS INSIDE SHOP.

36. INT SOREN'S SHOP

FX: MELODIOUS LULLABY THROUGHOUT. DOUBLE HEART BEAT. DONNA CROUCHES BY DOCTOR.

DONNA

(SOFT) Doctor? Sorry, Doctor. I can't let her go and do something stupid. She's just lost her dad, and well... I'm not abandoning you, but- (BREAKS OFF) You'd do the same. I know you would. (TO BUSKER) Look after him.

BUSKER

Sure.

FX: DONNA LEAVES. MUSIC PLAYS. A SLOW DOUBLE HEART THRUM.

37. INT. VENT TUNNELS.

FX: ECHOING AMBIENCE. SOREN AND DONNA RUN IN.

SOREN

In here, can't be far.

DONNA

What are those things?

SOREN

Venting chimneys. Steam, gases, all sorts coming off the rocket trains down below. Wait! Listen!

FX: THEY STOP. ECHOING LADDER-CLIMBING INSIDE CHIMNEY, OFF.

DONNA

It's coming from that one! Come on!

FX: THEY RUN INTO CHIMNEY VENT.

38. INT. CHIMNEY VENT, BOTTOM OF LADDER (CONTINUOUS)

FX: ECHOING AMBIENCE. DISTANT CLIMBING.

DONNA

(RUNNING IN) There's Cora! On one of the ladders!

SOREN

(FOLLOWING) I see Gully! He's nearly at the top!

DONNA

Where does he think he's going? It's just a huge chimney.

SOREN

People park their ships at the top. You're not meant to. Supposed to be dangerous, but-

DONNA

I'm starting to see the benefits of traffic wardens. Teensy bit of admin here and there.

FX: DONNA GRABS LADDER.

DONNA

Right. I'm going after her. (CLIMBING) You stay here in case she comes down!

SOREN

Donna. Wait! The vents!

FX: DONNA CLIMBS.

39. INT. CHIMNEY VENT, HIGH ON LADDER

FX: HIGH INSIDE CHIMNEY, ECHOING AMBIENCE. ALL CLIMBING THROUGHOUT.

DONNA

(CALLING, FAR BELOW) Give it up, Gully. There's nowhere to go but up!

GULLY

There's everywhere to go!

CORA

(CALLING, JUST BELOW) Not if I get to you first!

DONNA

(CALLING, BELOW) Cora, stop! What are you doing?

CROSS TO:

40. EXT. TOP OF CHIMNEY (CONTINUOUS)

FX: WINDS, DISTANT CALIBRIS TRAFFIC. GULLY CLIMBS OUT.

GULLY

Made it! (HEAVES HIMSELF ONTO CHIMNEY LEDGE) Ha! So much for parking regulations.

FX: GULLY SCUTTLES TO SHIP. TRIES DOOR. 'CAR ALARM' GOES OFF.

GULLY

No need for a key when you've got acid secretions.

FX: GOO SQUELCHES FROM POPPING SUCKERS. MELTING METAL HISSES.

CORA

(CLIMBING ONTO CHIMNEY LEDGE, OFF) No! You're not getting away.

GULLY

Want to hitch a ride, little smuggler? Come back another day, when I've found a new home.

FX: GULLY WRENCHES DOOR OPEN. CORA RUNS CLOSER.

CORA

(CALLING) I kept one back. For you. For my dad. One last Time Reaver.

FX: CORA DRAWS GUN, SETS BARREL.

DONNA

(REACHING CHIMNEY TOP) Cora, no!

GULLY

(CHUCKLE) Now that is interesting. Such potential. I have one or two contacts who could make use of that. Learn how to build more. Oh, the places we could go.

CORA

I'm not going anywhere with you.

FX: DONNA EDGES TOWARDS THEM.

DONNA

You're not like him, Cora. Don't shoot.

GULLY

Listen to your friend. That's it. Finger off the trigger. Now-
(EFFORT)

FX: TENTACLES LASH OUT AND SNARE CORA.

CORA

(CRIES OUT)

GULLY

Come to me, Lost Thing. You can hitch that ride after all.

FX: GULLY'S STICKY TENTACLES DRAG CORA TO SHIP.

DONNA

Leave her alone, squid-face!

GULLY

(DRAGGING CORA) Ooh. Quite the squirmer.

FX: TENTACLES GRAPPLING. DOORS CLOSING. SPACESHIP STARTING UP.

SOREN

(CALLING, WAY BELOW) Hey! Look out! Vent! The chimney's venting!

DOCTOR

(CLIMBING ONTO LEDGE) You heard the man. We need to move.

FX: HUGE LEVER CLANGS INSIDE CHIMNEY.

DONNA

Doctor? But how-?

DOCTOR

Perfectly fine, thanks Donna. Ten minutes nap. Or several centuries. Only I've woken up in a bit of an unforgiving mood. Get back on the ladder and hold on tight.

FX: FANS BELOW STARTING UP.

DONNA

What about the gas?

DOCTOR

Oxygen fuel mix. Harmless - to us. Please, Donna. For once, do as I ask.

DONNA

But Cora's in that- [ship!]

DOCTOR

(RUNNING) I know!

FX: DOCTOR RUNS TO SHIP. DONNA CLAMBERS INTO CHIMNEY.

DONNA

(CALLING) She's got a- [Time Reaver!]

DOCTOR

(CALLING) I know!

FX: SONIC. DOOR SPRINGS OPEN. CORA STRUGGLING WITH GULLY INSIDE.

DOCTOR

Gully! Let her go!

GULLY

Doctor! How are you here?!

DOCTOR

Me and ladders. Lots of practice. (GRABBING TENTACLE) And: yuk.

GULLY

Let go! She stays. She has the last Time Reaver, you won't take it!

FX: TENTACLES WRITHE.

CORA

Stop squeezing me! I can't-

FX: TIME REAVER SHOT.

GULLY

Arrrgh!

CORA

Oh no. I didn't mean-

DOCTOR

What's done is done. Give me your hand. (HEAVES CORA OUT)

FX: CORA PULLED FROM LOOSE TENTACLES WITH SQUELCH.

DOCTOR

Gully! (TRIES PULLING GULLY, EFFORT) He can't move. Cora, we need to get back inside the chimney.

FX: THEY RUN ALONG LEDGE.

CORA

We can't let him get away!

DOCTOR

He's not getting away.

CORA

How do you know?

FX: HUGE RUSH OF AIR.

DOCTOR

(DRAGGING CORA TO COVER) 'Cos he's firing his engines in the middle of an oxygen vent! Get down!

FX: THEY DROP TO LADDERS BELOW. ENGINE WHOOSH, ABOVE.

41. INT. SPACESHIP

GULLY

(SLOWED FX) Argh!

FX: HEART BEATING SLOWLY

GULLY V/O

(INTERNAL MONOLOGUE, STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS) I can't move. I must press this button. Must reach it, move this wretched ship. Why can't I move? Why can't I speak? Why can't I stop it? I can't - this takes so long, so long, and if I don't hit the thruster, it's going to blow. I can't reach it! Eight arms and I can't-

FX: MASSIVE SPACESHIP EXPLOSION, SLOWED.

GULLY V/O

(INTERNAL) It's here. Burning and noise. Can't move, can't change it, can't escape. I see it, I see it so slowly. The fire, it's coming - flame by flame by flame, and I can't move, and I can't get away and it's coming, the flames...

GULLY

(SLOWED FX) (SCREAMS)

SCREAM FADES OUT. HOLD SILENCE. TIME PASSES.

CROSS-FADE TO...

42. EXT. THE WORMHOLE.

FX: VACINTIANS MARCHING ONTO SHIP THROUGH FOLLOWING.

ROBOTIC VOICE

All lifeforms aboard for the 2995 Wormhole Express.

DONNA

You're going back? You'll be with your people to the end?

CORA

It's where I belong.

DONNA

That's brave.

CORA

I need to see my mother. My sisters. I need to be with them. I wish all of this had never-

DONNA

(OVER HER) I know.

CORA

I want to make it right. But I can't, can I?

DONNA

You can make the best of what's left. Bye Cora. I'm.. sorry. (WALKS OFF)

ROBOTIC VOICE

Final call! All aboard!

TICKET COLLECTOR

(APPROACHING) Tickets! Have your tickets ready! (STOPPING) Are you boarding miss? Vacintia, isn't it? Beautiful place. Those sunsets.

CORA

(BEAT) I can't. I can't go back. I'm lost. And I don't ever want to be found.

FX: CORA RUNS BACK TOWARDS CALIBRIS. SHIP DOORS CLOSE.

TICKET COLLECTOR

Whatever you say, miss. All aboard! Departing Calibris!

FX: WHISTLE. GURGLE OF WORMHOLE.

43. INT. SOREN'S SHOP

FX: SOREN FINISHES HAMMERING.

DOCTOR

Thanks for the jerry rig Soren.

SOREN

No probs, Doc.

DOCTOR

Sorry to leave your shop such a mess.

SOREN

Ah, that's alright. Reckon there's a vacancy coming up at Vagabond's Reach.

DOCTOR

Seriously?

SOREN

I can't be worse than that monster.

DOCTOR

Careful. All monsters think that to begin with.

SOREN

Is the girl going?

DOCTOR

Donna's seeing her off. All the Vacintians are going.

SOREN

Well, I'll look out for her anyway. If she passes through.

DOCTOR

Thank you Soren. And, you know... Go the Blues!

SOREN

Totally. Blues rule!

44. INT. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM

FX: DOCTOR COMPLETES CLATTERING REPAIRS. DONNA WALKS OVER.

DOCTOR

There we are, all done!

FX: DUSTING OFF HANDS.

DOCTOR

What?

DONNA

You know, I thought you'd have gone completely insane when you shot yourself with that stuff. More insane.

DOCTOR

Thank you.

DONNA

I mean, hours in an instant. I can't imagine what it's like-

DOCTOR

(INTERRUPTS) Don't ask. Please.

DONNA

Were you just in your own head? For years and years and years?

DOCTOR

(TWIDDLING LEVERS) Mmm.

DONNA

What's it like in there?

DOCTOR

(BEAT) Crowded.

FX: DOCTOR PULLS LEVERS. DEEP CLUNKS WITHIN TARDIS.

DOCTOR

(EFFORT, SIGH) I feel older though. Do I look older?

DONNA

You look exactly the same. And you always will.

DOCTOR

(BEAT) You've de-wenched!

DONNA

Yeah, here's a tip: if you ever want to make time seem longer again - put on a corset.

FX: BUTTONS BEING PRESSED. TARDIS SPRINGS TO LIFE.

DONNA

Do you think Calibris will ever change?

DOCTOR

I think maybe the universe needs its crossing places. Where the rules don't apply. Otherwise where are us space buccaneers going to go?

DONNA

You're not a space buccaneer!

DOCTOR

I think I have the air of a space buccaneer.

DONNA

You have the air of a primary school teacher.

DOCTOR

Space Buccaneer.

DONNA

...on 'Non Uniform' day. (BEAT) So. Where shall we go?

DOCTOR

You know, when I was... there. You know what the one thing was that I really really wanted? I could really really really have done with something to read.

DONNA

What, first a garage and now a library? I've changed my mind. You have definitely aged.

DOCTOR

(TO SELF) You have no idea.

FX: TARDIS VWORPS. DOUBLE HEARTBEAT THRUMS SLOWLY. DONNA'S CHATTER FADES AWAY UNDER.

DONNA

(FADING UNDER) Honestly, it's like a day out with Gramps. 'Have you seen the price of a loaf of bread these days?' 'Wanna take off your coat, feel the benefit?'

DOCTOR

(OVER DONNA, INTERNAL TIME REAVER MONOLOGUE) Eternity, I hear you calling, but you will not have me yet.

FX: DOUBLE HEARTBEAT THRUMS.

END